THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

HISTORY OF MARIA FEODOROVNA.

A YOUNG RUSSIAN COUNTESS.

[*From "Letters from Scandinavia."*]

VIRGIN innocence is an enchanted tower: its strength consists more in that awful respect which the sight of it creates in the breasts of virtuous men, than in its innate fortitude. Those breasts which possess no respect for virtue, those men who inherit no regard for honour, are the daring assailants. The charms they employ to break the enchantments, are flattery, falsehood, protestations to the Deity to witness *their love!* The spell succeeds: the tower, with all its gilded turrets, shakes, and tumbles in ruins!

Even men inclined to virtue are tempted to pursue the more successful, but less honorable, path.—By seeing daily, the vicious and imprudent alone, revelling in the arms of beauty and betrayed innocence, they gradually lose respect for that innocence and beauty, which, too often, when solicited with unremitting diligence or even when rudely assaulted, gives itself up to prostitution. The most virtuous daughter under the care of the tenderest and wisest parent, is yet liable to fall a sacrifice to every villain of genteel appearance and address. Why do not our laws empower the father, the mother, or the brother, to plant a dagger in the soul of the destroyer of the peace of their family? But, indeed, unless the present conduct of parents and their relatives are altered, and until they receive the victim under their protection, and forget the fault, they have no title to judge or punish; being themselves destitute of feeling and mercy. Such protection and forgiveness would not encourage vice. To be forever debarred from the thoughts of marriage with men of equal rank would be a sufficient punishment: and the law should expressly prohibit marriage with the ravisher, that virtuous women may be enabled at once to know the real intentions of their suitors the moment the least indecent word or action is practised by them. Until such laws are made: until parents and relations, and society can agree to protect the unfortunate daughter, and to forget the first fault and commission of vice, our laws, our relations, and society, only bear a name of which they are unworthy.

Let me behold the consequences of this criminal conduct. A lovely daughter is brought up under the care of what is commonly called, the fondest parents. She is deluded under the promise of marriage, or, allow that the delusion succeeded without such promise: the fond parents tear their hair and weep bitterly, but they order their daughter to be driven from the house. They weep for the dishonour that has happened to their name, and to cure this dishonour they spread the infamy: they drive out their descendant to repeat the crime: and their name becomes known in every bagnio. There are only two ways to save the honour of the family thus situated; *to continue the parents of their child*, or *to put her to immediate death*; death would be mercy in comparison to the disgraceful prostitution she must now suffer. In her first outset she is caressed by all those lovers who were acquainted with her and her family. Necessity, sometimes revenge, for the baser treatment of those who gave her existence, blunts the agony arising from this sad change! The companions of her father and brothers are familiar with the daughter and sister. She is deserted, at last, by all her acquaintance, for some other lady who has more lately been turned out of her father's house: she enters the metropolis, and disposes of her favours to every customer. Shame is now fled; and if she boasts of her family to raise her price, one species of misery succeeds another, and the natural consequences of want and disease are often anticipated by a voluntary death.

The history of the Russian lady to whom I have alluded in my last letter, is not so well known as it ought to be. It contains an awfully interesting lesson to parents, and displays the fatal effects of a rigourous treatment of their offspring. It was the apprehension of a rigourous treatment from a parent of a violent temper, that occasioned the miseries of Maria Feodorovna. She was a lady of distinguished rank and fortune, the only daughter of a nobleman.

During the early part of her life, her education was anxiously attended to by the best of mothers, whose soul bore upon it the impression of every noble feeling and virtue. The mother, while she held her favourite before the glass, saw an exact copy of herself in form of body;

and the never-ceasing smile upon the cheek and lips of Maria seemed to bespeak an equally beautiful copy of her mind. This mother died: and the youthful Russian countess, from the love and care of her mother, from the polite and elegant round of a court, and from the society of her dear Markoff, who was enraptured with this amiable female, was hurried by the haughty baron, to a distant estate amidst the wilds of Russia.

Here, surrounded with deserts, not viewing one object that could bring some happy comparison in thought between them and past scenes, the lovely Maria exhausted her bosom in sobs, and watered her pillow with tears.

The society of Count Markoff could have lighted up this desert, and dispelled those tears. Disappointed ambition had occasioned a misunderstanding between the two families, and the name of Markoff was forbid even to be mentioned in the house of the baron. His fondness for his lovely daughter could not overcome his abhorrence of his successful rival, the father of young Markoff; nor permit him to entertain the most distant idea of that connexion which he knew was the ardent wish of the youthful pair. His brows darkened with rage, when he saw one of his blood who wished not destruction to the house of Markoff.

Maria was kept in perpetual agony by this unfortunate disposition in her parent, yet forced to affect an indifference to all she loved, while she daily drooped and pined in silent melancholy. But no affectation could bring back the rosy health which had lately painted her cheeks; and her languid smiles and action were diseased copies of that lively manner which had distinguished her in happier days. That innocent mirth, unmixed with care, born in the lap of childhood and expiring with it, was never again to return. Maria was not even destined to enjoy that happiness to which her virtue entitled her. In vain had a mother inspired her with every noble and virtuous sentiment; in vain had nature endowed her with a person the model of beauty, and with an exalted soul; in vain had fortune lavished riches, extensive domains, and thousands of slaves ready to kneel at her feet whenever she appeared.—The meanest of these slaves was to possess Maria.

Count Markoff, disregarding every dictate but that of love, and the dangers which Maria had represented to him as the certain consequence of any attempt to visit her, left his residence near Moscow, and journeyed towards that spot, which was to give him an interview with his lovely angel. Disguised in the habit of a peasant, he arrived within sight of the baron's palace, and saw the roof that contained all his heart panted for! The breast of Markoff until this instant felt not the idea of disappointment: as a soldier, he had been accustomed to cut his way through every difficult pass with his sword. The parent of Maria guarded the avenue he was now approaching.

With money he purchased the services of some persons who frequented the baron's house. He got, by their means, a letter conveyed to Maria. Upon reading this epistle, love overcame in her, too, every dictate of prudence; she lost the recollection of her father's being at that instant in the house; and, hurrying on her cloak, she ran down stairs, and into the fields, then covered with snow. Her recollection returned—her heart failed within her—her limbs refused to do their office—she stood trembling before the wintry storm! She called to her assistance a slave; and pretending some other cause for her illness, was assisted to reach her chamber without the knowledge of the awful parent who had occasioned her distress.

Maria, overcome with grief, and now giving up every thought of viewing her beloved Markoff, sunk upon her bed in fits of despair and madness. Reason again resumed her seat: a letter was dispatched to Markoff at a neighbouring village, desiring him, as he valued his own and her life, to leave the place and return to Moscow, where there might be still a possibility of their meeting. Having signed and sealed this letter, she held it in her hands without knowing what she did. She broke the seal of her letter, and, seizing the pen, gave that utterance it afforded to her passion; and amidst the effusions of ardent love, she mentioned the attempt she had made to see him.

Markoff's bosom could not contain the emotions of his soul on reading this letter. The cool, prudential first part was overturned by the concluding postcript.

Maria stood at the window, looking towards the village. "No," said she to herself, "he must not come—I have forbid him as he valses his life. Let me endeavour to compose myself. Having resolved, and executed my resolve by that letter, that we must wait for a happier period, why this fever of desire in my soul yet to behold him? I will avert my eyes from the village—Oh, how I shake! Can he love me and obey my mandate? Will he not stand upon that snowy plain, and wave his handkerchief? The village is surrounded with woods—can Markoff be gone without making me one signal of love? Ungrateful man! No! no! no! Where am I? Did I hear him speak! Maria! Markoff!"

The night closed: the distracted Maria walked in her chamber, still searching through the gloom for Markoff—still wishing to see, not him, but rather some friendly spirit bearing his shape and air. A peasant near to the windows held out a letter.—Maria anxiously enquired, but with a soft voice, from whom it came;—it was the count Markoff himself! "where is the count?" said Maria, and stretched out her hand for the letter 'My Maria!' replied the count: and laying hold of the branches of a tree, which stood near the window, he climbed up and entered it.

The young lady stared wildly at him, unable to resist or speak. He assured

her he would instantly depart, when he had once more impressed upon her lips the seal of love. He threw his arms eagerly around her, and held her to his panting breast.—The hours glided away unseen; nor were they awakened from their dream, but with the steps of the baron approaching the chamber door. The imagination of a woman, which is quick, either to her relief or to her destruction, suggested to Markoff to hide himself in an empty chest which happened to be in the room. The baron's visit was to enquire, as he often did, after his favourite child; as he had heard something of her indisposition. At times, when the recollection of the family of Markoff was lost, he behaved as a fond father, but this dreadful recollection was never lost for a day's continuance. The baron left his daughter, without the least suspicion of the presence of the son of his rival.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ERRATA. In page 83, sixth line of the third column, read—Veiling so *false* a mind &c.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

WHEN men of common character are swept from the theatre of life, they die without the tribute of public notice, as they lived without a claim to public consideration. When persons of exalted character are summoned from the scenes of sublinary existence, their death calls forth a burst of general regret, and invigorates the flame of public gratitude.—But when, in compliance with heaven's high mandate, the friend, the confidential friend of our Washington, the brave KNOX, is no more, the mournful sound should vibrate on every heart.—From the importance of the subject, I feel my incompetency to pourtray the character of this illustrious man, who has entered the bourn from whence no traveller returns. We have all known him. To mourn the loss of such a man, needs no affectation; to speak his praise, requires no flattery. His virtues ask no embellishment but their simple history.

At the commencement of our perilous revolution, glowing with the spirit of patriotism, he volunteered his services, and devoted himself to his country. His promotion was as rapid, as his merit was conspicuous. Intrusted with the command of the artillery, in many battles fought by Washington, he was present in the van of glory directing the thunder of his cannon. As the confidential friend and fellow soldier of the commander in chief, he was with him in the arduous duties of returning peace. In that new and untried system of government which succeeded the ravages and chaos of the revolution, he accepted the war department, and among the constellation of talents which distinguished the first administration, shone with distinguished lustre. Those who were personally acquainted with him, will lament his death not merely as an irreperable loss to the public, but they will feel their own privation. He was ardent and faithful in friendship; severely upright in all the moral duties; and scrupulousy honorable in every transaction. His polished urbanity was the offspring of a culuvated mind, and the overflowing of a warm heart. Possessed of real greatness, his manners were free from that forbidding austerity which marks the conduct of the ignoble. He was easy of access, yet there was a point beyond which no one could approach. A keen sensibility made him alive, delicately alive, to the feelings of others. Encouraged by his smiles, modest merit learned its own worth. Here let me speak of him as the dear object of a bereaved family. The heart falters and the mind confesses itself unequal to the task. As a parent he was all that could endear him to his children, tender, solicitous, and indulgent. In him they found a guardian watchful for their safety; a friend alive to their wishes and their wants. As a husband he was all that the fondest imagination could paint. Happy in a connection which was an union of souls, the partner of his life was the friend of his bosom, the confidant of his thoughts, and the sharer of his happiness. In the loss of nine children of the fairest promise, maternal anguish found relief from his consolation and support. But the widowed mourner can no longer share with him her griefs or her joys. Deaf is the ear which so lately listened to her voice; cold is the heart which beat in unison with every vibration of her own. If to his friend there be left one source of consolation—if any balm remains for the lacerated bosom of his family, they will find it in the hopes of a reunion in a happier and more permanent state of existence. His endearing virtues will ever be warmly cherished in the bosom of his friends. The history of our country shall perpetuate his fame.

W. S.

Princeton, Jan 10.

A successful Experiment.

A blind man having hidden fifty pounds in a hole in his garden which he had dug for the purpose, a neighbour, who by the glimmering of the moon saw him at work, and guessed his business, took an opportunity of going to the place and stealing the money. The poor blind man suspecting who was the thief, went to him, with every appearance of friendly confidence, asked advice concerning some money which he said he did not know how to secure. "I have contrived neighbour, said he, by a very strict economy, to save an hundred and fifty pounds; the fifty I have hidden in a certain part of the garden, and I have been thinking all night that the best thing I can do, is to put the hundred in the same place. "You cannot do a more prudent thing, replied the other—and after farther conversation they parted. The *quick-sighted man* took the earliest opportunity of replacing the fifty pounds, and the *blind man*, rejoicing at the success of his artifice, took it away.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

REAL AND PRETENDED LOVE CONTRASTED.

E'en Love itself is bitterness of soul;
A pensive anguish, pining at the heart;
Or sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.

THOMSON.

THERE are few things more different, either in themselves or their effects, than real and pretended love: the one, the source of the tenderest enjoyment, and the most pleasing emotions; the other, of misery and discord, of upbraidings and complaint. It would, perhaps, be difficult to determine, whether the one has been productive of most pleasure, or the other of most pain. Many, who have felt the tender transport in "all its joy," would as readily coincide in one opinion, as those whose hearts have been wrung with bitter anguish, the consequence of a misplaced attachment, would to the other. Certain it is, that the fatal effects of love, when not mutually entertained in the bonds of honor and affection, are continually presenting themselves to our view.

It is a painful reflection, that our public prints, which "catch the manners living as they rise," and collect the mischances, the prosperity, the follies, the crimes, and the good deeds, of some, for the amusement and criticism of the rest, are, in these times of civilization and refinement, so frequently stained with relations of suicide—a crime which can never fail creating, in a feeling and sensible mind, the utmost horror and detestation; mingled with pity for the unhappy subjects of so dreadful an infatuation. Our commisseration is not lessened, when we come to understand who these hapless, self-devoted victims are; to find that so desperate a crime is not confined to those who, having forfeited their lives to the offended laws of their country, rush on death to escape public ignominy; not confined to those who, dragging out the remainder of a miserable existence, precipitate themselves into a grave which is already gaping to receive them; nor to those hapless mortals who are no longer under the guidance of reason: these would, perhaps, excite less of our wonder and our pity: but how frequently are we presented with the striking picture of those in the prime of youth and beauty, when the world and its pleasures must, if ever they do, appear in their brightest colours, wilfully rushing on self-destruction, to escape an accumulation of misery, which they find it impossible any longer to endure!

The mind will naturally endeavour to discover the evils which have power to put it in so desperate a train; and the cause almost universally assigned, when youth is connected with it, is Love. The mischances of fortune, we are apt to suppose, would hardly take such deep root; the youthful mind, naturally careless of wealth, sees in the future, time sufficient to surmount even greater difficulties: parental severity too, if undeserved, will rather kindle resentment, than overwhelm with despair; our conjectures, therefore, always rest in placing it to an unfortunate attachment—the fatal effect of a misguided and unhappy love.

And is it LOVE—the sweet soother of our cares—the source of tender delight, of the most heart-felt enjoyment—is it Love which must be considered as the author of such exquisite misery, that self-slsughter is preferable to enduring it? Strange perversion of the name! Love is productive of far contrary effects—It seeks, with unceasing assiduity, the happiness of the beloved object. With those who are under the influence of this delightful passion, every trouble is mutually felt, and every pleasure mutually enjoyed. 'Tis a sweet solace in adversity, and the chief joy in prosperity. Without it, and the endearing connections to which it gives rise, the world would be a dreary void, in which little could be found to attract our notice, or engage our affections; without it, the chords of the heart, like those of a musical instrument long out of use, would lose their harmony, and produce nothing but jarring and discord.

Wide as is the difference between real and pretended Love, yet how often are they mistaken the one for the other! For, however base or selfish the *real* motive is, still Love is the constant bait made use of to gain the unsuspecting. The wretch whose only aim in seeking a matrimonial alliance, is to make himself master of another's wealth, (perhaps to squander it at the gaming-table, or lavish on his mistress) still pleads his heart-felt, his disinterested love—the withered debauchee, who would condemn the charms of youth and beauty to an unnatural union with age and infirmity, can sigh and talk of love—the base deceiver, who seeks his guilty gratification in the destruction of virtue and innocence, still whispers "nought but love" in the ear of the too credulous maid—till, having accomplished his abandoned purpose, he disowns the much-abused name, and glories in his ignominious triumph! Such is the love (if such it can be called) which is the author of woe and despair; and such are they who, under the name of Lovers, fill the unsuspecting breast with corroding care, and then, regardless of every tie of honour or humanity, forsake a scene of misery which they themselves have created, in search of new victims. Fancy may paint the gay deluder, surrounded by pleasure and gaiety, whispering nonsense to his simpering listeners, whilst protestations of the love he bears the sex flow from his perjured lips; whilst the ill-fated object of his seductions, overwhelmed with shame and despair, is led first to destroy her helpless infant, and then, unable to bear the collected pressure of shame, of guilt, and remorse, to seek, in the extinction of her miserable being, a refuge from a load of anguish too insufferable to bear. Happy were this only a dream of fancy—but, alas! it is a dream, how often, and how fatally realized!

The mind, in contemplating such a picture, is divided between pity for the hapless female, and indignation against her vile betrayer: yet base as these may appear, they will still present to the world an unblushing front, and be highly offended, if their honor (which has been the pandar to their vices, till not a vestige remains) is not considered as binding as ever: for these are "all, all honorable men!" so *honorable*, that, upon the least imputation being cast upon this idol which they blindly adore, they will hazard their life in its defence; will expose their breasts to be pierced by the bullets of their adversary; that unfeeling breast, which was impenetrably shut to the dictates of compassion; to the pleadings of one, who, but for a misplaced love, had been innocent and happy; who, however inexcuseable her conduct to others, might there, at least, look for pity and regard. These too, would be thought men of feeling—Feeling? yes! their passions will be roused, and they will break out in the most violent declamation, should their taylor have made an unfashionable cut, or their hair-dresser have put an unbecoming curl, while they can hear the cries of distress, which themselves have occasioned, with the most inflexible apathy. Ye base deceivers! how preferable is your hatred to the poison of your love! And what, after all is your vaunted courage? Ye are surely the worst of cowards—for the ferocious tiger will dare the perilous combat in defence of his mate, and its young ones; while ye, who boast the feelings of humanity, leave them exposed to the scorn of an unpitying world, to shame, to misery, and to death! Happy are those who can see through your detestable artifices, and repay them with deserved scorn and contempt!

Love may be compared to a river, which when kept within its prescribed bounds, flows gently on, gladdening the fields, and making them fruitful; enlivening the face of nature, and dispensing blessings in its course. But mark the contrast, should angry torrents swell it into a flood! it breaks down its banks, and sweeps away all before it with ungovernable fury: the late smiling earth now presents a scene of desolation and ruin; while the hapless husbandman views, with vain regret, the fruit of his labours overwhelmed in the unpitying tide. So one may suppose a parent, who has marked with fond delight his daughter's modest beauty and increasing charms, and beholds them now arrived at maturity under his protecting and fostering hand—yet, should the tempest of unlawful passion usurp the place of serenity and virtue, how soon may his joy be turned to sorrow! his tears of transport to tears of unavailing grief!

"————a cruel spoiler came,
"Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
"Then cast it like a loathsome weed away."

Nor will the woe attendant on her dishonor be confined to the breast of a parent—the daughter will at least have her full share. In vain may she, with heart-felt grief, look back on those hours of innocence and pleasure, the very remembrance of which causes a gleam of sunshine in her forlorn bosom; 'tis but for a moment—and the recollection of what she now is, will be rendered more bitter by the thoughts of the past: her countenance, once the seat of simplicity and beauty, becomes disfigured by conflicting passions: the enchanting modesty, too, which once adorned her, soon vanishes, and cannot be recalled—it is an amiable guest, which, when spurned away, indignantly refuses to return.

How different is the scene which presents itself where love glows in either bosom with equal force, and equal purity! The mutual attachment is inviolably preserved in the strictest bonds of honor and virtue; and they look forward to the endearing tie which shall unite them till death, with indescribable emotions of delight. However humble their lot, they find in the affection of each other, a richer source of felicity, than in the applause and admiration of a giddy world—they see in their children, their present joy, and future comfort, and peace and happiness smile around them.

HENRICUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

WE had uniformly understood, from the best authenticated accounts which have appeared, respecting Master Betty, that he was an only child: the following interesting anecdote, however, which has appeared in one of the morning papers, somewhat clashes with this statement.—If true, it reflects on this amiable boy, the highest honor, and must prove a source of gratification to every reader.

"The following anecdote of the Young Rocius, and the fact is unquestionable, proves that the goodness of his heart is equal to the other rare qualities Nature has endued him with. After completing his engagement with the Liverpool managers, at which place he performed fifteen nights, and being told that his share of the profits amounted to fifteen hundred and twenty pounds, he looked stedfastly on his infant sister, then in his mother's arms, and exclaimed: "Amidst the vicissitudes of life, who can tell, my dear sister, what may be thy fate? If I can help it, it shall not be *poverty!* Therefore I insist that the fifteen hundred pounds may be settled upon my sister, and put out to interest, for her benefit, till she comes of age." The next day the necessary steps were taken, and Messrs. Lewis and Knight were nominated the trustees, to see the wishes of our young hero fulfilled. Not the smallest intimation, by Mr. and Mrs. Betty, had been previously made upon the subject: it was the spontaneous effusion of his own heart, and the result of reflections entirely his own, so uncommon with a lad of his years."

A *singular* person may be compared to a monster——more admired at than esteemed.

SONG

For the 186th anniversary of the landing of the first colonists at Plymouth, sung by Mr. Hitchcock, before the New England Society, in this city, Dec. 26th—written by Thomas Green Fessenden, Esq.

Tune—'Hail Columbia.'

TH' Almighty gave the high behest,
'Rise an empire in the West,
Freedom's lov'd and last abode,
Freedom's lov'd and last abode.'
Our fathers bow'd to HIS decree,
And dauntless brav'd an unknown sea;
Climbed the foaming precipice,
Plung'd adown the black abyss,
Where the madd'ning tempest raves,
Where meet the sky the mountain waves.

Chor.—*Sons of Freedom swell the song,*
To sainted sires the notes prolong,
Till the echoing skies around
Loud the trumpet-tone rebound.

Lo, the heaven-protected band
Seeks the forest-fringed strand;
Roars the rough hybernal blast,
Roars the rough hybernal blast.
Countless perils wait them here,
Sickness pale and famine drear:
Pining want and dire disease,
Float in every blasting breeze:
Desolation's ghastly form
Rides in every death-wing'd storm.

Chor.—*Sons of Freedom, &c.*

Murd'rous hordes of savage foes
Round the pious pilgrim rose,
With flinty hearts and blood-stain'd hands,
With flinty hearts and blood-stain'd hands,
From horror's haunts in wilds immense
Lo the gloomy bands condense:
Hark! the war whoop's frantic yell
Bursts from yonder dismal dell—
Savage forms of demons dire
Wrap the pilgrims camp in fire!

Chor.—*Sons of Freedom, &c.*

The GOD, at whose supreme behest
Rose an empire in the west,
Freedom's loved and last abode,
Freedom's loved and last abode,
Protected still with mighty hand
The *Pilgrims* in a barbarous land.
Raise the song of festive mirth
To those who gave an empire birth,—
Their names and memories shall rest
Enshrined in every freeman's breast.

Chor.—*Swell, O swell, the choral song,*
To sainted sires the notes prolong,
Till the echoing skies around
Loud the trumpet-tone rebound.

THE BANK-CHECK SWINDLER.

A TALE,

In which there is TRUTH—*if little* POETRY.

TWO honest lads to *Boston* came,
The mart of fashion and of fame;
Where *flap'd hats* try *old maids* to grace,
And hide the *wrinkles* on each face:
Where *Barbers* with their *puffs* and *paste*,
Pre-eminently rise in taste;—
Where at the windows of their shops
Are seen just *emblems* of our *fops*.
Whose gay *exterior* mark the brood,
While all *within* is nought but *wood*.

Our honest hinds brought *Pigs* to sell,
(Alas the muse feels griev'd to tell)
The product of laborious care,
(And ah! the cause of many a tear,)
A market soon for them was found,
They sold for more than *forty pound*;
A *Check* was drawn—a thing that's common,
Though many's *false* as fickle *woman*,
But this not so—the *arch fiend* knows,
Who profits by the farmers' blows.

So down to *Bank* they quickly stalk,
Pleas'd with the sale of *Father's Pork*;
Eager to give the paper trash,
And in return to take the—CASH.

But poor souls! could it be *toddy*
That seat them strait into the *Lobby*?
No; surely innocent of crime,
'Twas *ignorance*, growth of every clime,
That sent them here with mind elate,
Unconscious of their luckless fate;
Here, at the fire, a youth was found—
(Well had this youth been under ground.)
To him, with artless yankee *brogue*,
They thus address'd the youthful rogue;
"Meester we've come to get our pay
For this here thing"—"What thing?—eh! eh!
A Check you've got—pray give it me—
—Yes, *this is good—I plainly see*—
Pray take a seat by this good fire,
The *Cash* is in a room still higher;
Pray warm your shins—tobacco chew—
Your pay I soon will bring to you."
Unknown to cunning and to guile,
They kindly thank him with a smile.

Thus while they chew, and chat, and stare
With eyes that beam a lurid glare,
Admire the neatness of the room,
Although it never felt a—— *broom!!!*
Now at the *grates* they cast an eye,
And swear it cuts out——*Father's sty!!!*

While thus engaged in harmless chat,
Up stairs appeared the swindling brat,
And with a slight and dext'rous skill,
A Boston Check did quickly fill;
Then gives the *other* to the *teller*,
(O happy had he known the fellow,)
Who now the bills to him doth hand,
And settles thus this small demand.

Now down he goes unto the hinds
Whose honest hearts and simple minds,
Whose breasts, untainted with suspicion,
Were unsuspicious of the mission.
The villian gives them—not the *Bills*—
But gives a paper, which he fills
In imitation of the same
Receiv'd from them—*except the name*;
Says it is good; but wait here friend,
The *Clerks* are busy—can't attend;
Some thirty minutes hence apply,
They'll settle with you to a die;—
Then from the *lobby* disappear'd,
And of him nought has since been heard.

Awhile they wait, but nothing brought,
When in their heads was popp'd a *thought!*
The thought was good, but much too late
To save them from relentless fate:
'Twas this which proves a lasting shame;
They view'd the *check*—'twas *not the same!*
Up stairs went one, and found it plain
The *Rogue* had *trick'd* them of their gain.

Now in the street with streaming eyes
Roll'd up like saucers to the skies,
Each passing stranger stopp'd to tell
A tale which made his bosom swell.
And ah, poor souls, they hunt around
In vain—the rogue could not be found.

So home to *father* quick they go
With heavy hearts, o'erwhelm'd in woe;
And when they tell the dreadful news,
The old man *hems*, and *prays*, and *chews*,
Invokes old VULCAN from his cell,
To take the foolish *brats* to h***—
And *mother* raves, yes *mother* swears,
But *sisters* soothe them with some tears.
"Alas! poor *Pigs!* thy *shrill*-ton'd cries
No more shall echo from the *sties*"—
Says little JOTHAM—"gone to feed
A wicked, swindling, cursed breed."
Thus while they scold, and cry, and chat,
Old *Fowler* howls, and mews the *cat*;
On out-side door are heard some *taps*,
And *father* runs to see who *raps*.

'Twas ******lo! in godly grace,
And ruddy joy beam'd from his face;
While from his shoulders gently flow'd
An *earthly*—not an *heavenly* robe.
Now break soft accents from his tongue,
Softer than PHILOMELA'S song:—
"I come to bring you sweet relief,
To soothe your anguish and your grief;
He that hears the good man's prayer,
Thy supplications deign'd to hear;
To me, weak man, the power was given,
To be an instrument to Heaven;
I felt your loss, and tried my best
To ease your minds, and give you rest;
Friend *****stated on a paper
The circumstances of the *caper*,*
Which I to all did freely take,
With my associate Mr. ————,
And rais'd the sum which you have lost,
And now present it without boast."
NAPOLEON at his greatest stride
Ne'er felt such real, honest pride.
Thus every murmur soon did cease,
And all was harmony and peace.

* *A subscription-paper was opened—and the greatest part of the loss made up to the countrymen.*

.....

IT is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton, that having occasion once, from the negligence of his servant, to be angry, he ran up stairs to his library to find a treatise on anger, that he might know how to conduct himself in a passion.

.....

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

IT may be agreeable and useful to many of your readers to know a cheap and easy mode of removing *iron-moulds* and *ink-spots* from linen, without the aid of salt of lemons, which is not only dear, and, in some places, difficult to be procured, but also frequently adulterated. I therefore beg leave to inform them, thro' the channel of your useful miscellany, that *cream of tartar* used with *boiling* water, will effectually answer the purpose. From the experiments I made, I find it is of no consequence whether it be applied previous to the washing of the linen—in the washing—in the boiling—or after the linen has been both washed and boiled. It is equally effectual in every case; though perhaps the easiest mode is, after the linen has been washed, to lay a sufficient quantity of the cream of tartar on the stained spot, and, twisting or tying that part of the linen to keep the application in its place, thus put it into the copper to be boiled. No further trouble is required, as the stain completely vanishes in the boiling.—Various other stains may also be removed by the same means. It is however to be observed, that a greater quantity of cream of tartar is required than of salt of lemons.

I am, sir,
your constant reader,
ELIZA.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10.

.....

To note the passing tidings of the times.

.....

The celeb ated Comedian, BERNARD, from the Boston theatre, is engaged to perform, for a few nights in this city.

We have this day to record a most singular circumstance.

Four years ago next march, Mr. Cornelius Van Verst, jun. son of Cornelius Van Verst, esq. the owner of Powles Hook and the adjacent land, absented himself in the night, and no authentic information was ever received of him, though his father and his wife had been repeatedly told that he had been seen in different places; and his wife has always been of opinion that he was living.

On Monday last, a man employed in the Cedar swamp near Snake hill, discovered the bones of a man complete, and a gun along side of them. Recollecting the circumstance of young Van Verst, he communicated the discovery to his family, and yesterday a jury was called to the spot where the bones lay, accompanied by old Mr. Van Verst, a physician and others. On examination there was no doubt on the minds of the jury of inquest, of the bones being the remains of Cornelius Van Verst, and that his death was occasioned by his discharging his gun with his own hand. A dispute with his brother is supposed to have been the cause of this unhappy affair.

The bones were yesterday conveyed to the Bergen Church yard, and decently intered. [*N. Y. Gaz. of Monday.*

MARRIED,

On Friday evening 9th inst. Capt. George Washington Lee, to Miss Hetty Nesbit, daughter of Dr. Samuel Nesbit, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. John F. Jackson, Mr Jacob Horn, to Miss Mary Sophia Witts, daughter of Mr. Richard Witts, from England.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Peter Darling, to Mrs. Euphemia Price, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. William Todd, to Miss Margaret Duffie, daughter of Mr. John Duffie, merchant of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the rev. Dr. Kunzie, the rev. Ralph Williston, minister of the English Lutheran church of this city, to Miss Ann Roesler, daughter of Mr. Frederick Roesler.

NEW PATENT FLAGELET,
PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND THE NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITIAN.

THIS instrument being held in such high estimation in England among ladies of the first rank, has induced the Manufacturer to introduce it into the United States of America, where it has met with general approbation among ladies of the first circle; the sweetness and brilliancy of tone which it possesses, renders it superior to any ever made, and the fingering being so easy that ladies and gentlemen not knowing Music, *may in a few weeks acquire a profeiency. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer and teacher, at Messrs. Paff's City-Hotel Broadway.* Jan. 17.

This day is published, price 37 cents,
A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,
Which may be bought or read
AT OSBORN'S BOOK STORE, LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM,
No. 13, Park;
Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes, of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages; among which will be found many rare and curious Books in no other collection in America.

☞ *Every New Work of merit (excepting those only which are strictly professional) whether of European, or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading-room as soon as it can be obtained.* Nov. 8.

For the Lady's Miscellany

THE EYES.

Tell not me of size or hue,
Jetty black, or azure blue,
Hazle, sober grey, or brown;
If they re clouded by a frown,
And without expression fraught,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll *never please*

But, though sparkling with delight,
Or with sorrow dark as night;
Tho' their lustre dimm'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low;
If oft gemm d by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear;
They'll *surely please.*

WINTER.

SUMMER to other climes is fled
To govern there awhile;
Her pleasing features cease to grace
Manhattan's lovely isle.

The flowery sceptre sway'd by Spring
Is now no longer known;
And Winter, in her hoary robe,
Ascends her icy throne.

The piercing nothern winds arise,
And waft the frozen rain,
Howl thro' the woods and humble groves,
And chill the shivering swain.

The fountains, brooks, and chrystal streams,
Forget the gurgling sound;
In dreary durance see they lie,
With frost-forg'd fetters bound.

No more the shrubs, and spreading trees,
Display their cheering green;
One dazzling whiteness shrouds the whole,
And forms the frozen scene.

The feathered songsters of the grove
Almost forget to fly;
Depriv'd of food, they shrink they pant;
They flutter, pant, and die.

Then speed thy chariot lovely Spring,
Towards thy favorite isle;
Thy presence there will joy diffuse,
And Nature catch the smile.

The goddess hears the music call,
She shakes the flowery reins,
And soon her glowing car will reach
Manhattan's fertile plains.

But not like her will sportive youth
In man again return;
The dreary path of frozen age
Leads to the silent urn.

SOPHIA.

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

By Peter Pindar.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows
Were sullied and trod with disdain;
Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its rose,
And slung like a weed to the plain.

O Pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who fell the sad victim of *art*;
E'en Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah, think not, ye prudes, that a sigh or a tear,
Can offend of all Nature the God;
Lo! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the lily will bloom o'er her sod.

EPIGRAMS.

The Unreasonable.

Fickle is vext at heart, he says, to see
His *Lady* look on him so scurvily:
Thou art a most unconscionable man,
Would'st have the girl look better than she can?

No time lost.

Why all this stir at *Myra's* house?
She took, last night, a second spouse.
Then why that hatchment, friend, I pray?
Her *first* was buried yesterday.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Selections from Sterne.

WHAT a dread of death must some people have, who would rather be dying than dead!

A toad fed upon the vapours of a dungeon, is not such a wretch as a man of sense, who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthless woman.——and, *vice versa.*

Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes.—But the safest way is to see through their ears.—Who was it that said, Speak that I may see you?

When I see Mrs. ——, and her husband, I think of a monkey fastened to a log and playing antic tricks.

A lie is a desperate cowardice—It is to *fear* man, and *brave* God.

I never drink——I cannot do it on equal terms with others——It costs them only one day—but me three—the first in *sinning*, the second in *suffering*, and the third in *repenting*.

He who desires more than will supply the competencies of life, except for the sole purposes of charity, respects others more than himself. For he pays an expensive compliment to the world—as all beyond the first requisites is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy of his neighbours.

There is a maxim, that "it is better ten guilty should escape, than one innocent suffer."

This I deny. Humanity, not policy, speaks this language. The impunity of even one villian, is capable of doing more injury to society, than the loss of even more than one honest man.

The laws of war though severe, are, however, founded in political justice. If the enemy has got possession of an outwork, no scruple is made of blowing up the rampart, though part of our own soldiery should be there on duty.

I feel myself shocked at the close of this paraaraph. This is the first time of my life that ever I sufferrd my philosophy to plead against my humanity. *Sed fiat justitia*, for justice is humanity.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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